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Her Christmas is not like the rest,
Which last a single day
Or possibly a week at best
And then are put away
To be forgotten for a year,
Until good will toward men
Comes round, as fashions reappear,
And is in style again.



All time is grandma's Christmas time,
All seasons hers to hear
The echo of a Yuletide chime
Of voices ever dear,
Of voices hushed to all but her
As through a mist of tears
She sees child faces as they were
In long departed years.



Now, dreaming o'er her needle's flight,
She croons a song of joy
And weaves a thread of heaven's light
Into some Christmas toy.
Now softly up the attic stair
Alone she creeps away
And o'er the Christmas treasures there
Lives in another day.



Yet, though mid shadows of the past
Fond memories may grope,
She stands in the effulgent cast
By never dimming hope,
And, peering through the gathering night,
She views the narrow way
That bridges over to the bright
Eternal Christmas day.



All time is grandma's Christmas time,
All seasons hers to hear
The thrilling of a chord sublime
Of voices coming near,
As in her simple faith she waits
The coming of the morn
When past the open pearly gates
She'll greet the Lowly Born.



No Longer a Bottle Baby.

Santa Claus (thrusting
his head through the door)
—Sorry for you, kid, but
it's the only present I
have left.

CANCER

Sufferers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor, for Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may lay dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shirer shows: A small pimple came on my jaw about an inch below the ear on the left side of my face. It gave me no pain or inconvenience, and I should have forgotten about it had it not begun to inflame and itch; it would bleed a little, then scab over, but would not heal. This continued for some time, when my jaw began to swell, becoming very painful. The Cancer began to eat and spread, until it was as large as a half dollar, when I heard of S. S. S. and determined to give it a fair trial, and it was remarkable what a wonderful effect it had from the very beginning; the sore began to heal and after taking a few bottles disappeared entirely. This was two years ago; there are still no signs of the Cancer, and my general health continues good.—Mrs. R. Shirer, La Plata, Mo.



SSS is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our free book on Cancer, containing valuable and interesting information about this disease, and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.
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Roses and Turks.

"It would give a genuine and religious Turk a fit if he saw how little appreciation Americans show for the rose and what little reverence they have for it," spoke a florist as he wrapped the foil about the stems of a bouquet.

"The rose is beyond question the prettiest flower that blooms, and it was so considered by the Turks many years before the conquest of Granada. There is a religious legend generally believed in throughout Turkey that the red rose sprang from a drop of the great prophet Mohammed's blood. Everything beautiful in nature is ascribed to him. The Turks, therefore, have great reverence for the flower and allow it to bloom and die untouched, except on state occasions and for the purpose of making rosewater.

"After the conquest by the Turks they would not worship in any church until the walls were cleansed and washed with rosewater and thus purified by the blood of the prophet. It is used on the body for the same purpose. A Turk whose conscience is stung by some act or deed he has committed will caress and pay reverence to the rose to appease the wrath of the prophet and Allah.

"With these ideas inculcated in him from youth it would shock him severely to see the pretty flower strewn in the path of a bridal couple, thrown on the public stage or banked up in hundreds at a swell reception or party to be crushed and spoiled in an evening."—Exchange.

Sensible Conclusion.

Two doctors once had a disagreement—as the best of doctors sometimes will have—and lost their tempers.

"I hesitate to say just what I think of you," angrily exclaimed one of the two, "for you have not many years to live! Consumption has marked you for a victim."

"Oh, it has, has it? How do you know?"

"By the 'clubbing' of your fingers," referring to the wasting away of the fingers near where they join the hands.

"Do I need to call your attention to that?"

"Perhaps not," retorted the other. "But do you know you bear the unmistakable indication of an early death yourself?"

"Where, sir?"

"In those hollows at the back of your neck near the head, where you can't see them. They denote a fatal lack of vitality."

"In that case," rejoined the one who had spoken first, extending his hand, "we are foolish to quarrel. Let us prescribe for each other."

They are still alive and apparently in excellent health.

The Redcoats.

An incident at the siege of Rouen, in 1591, shows that red was looked upon as the English color, for in mentioning the death of one of the Earl of Essex's captains it is remarked that the Frenchman who shot him got near enough to do so by putting on the red coat of a dead English soldier. In 1643 the king's life guards, as also the queen's and Prince Rupert's, wore red coats.

It Brings Her, Etc.

"What do you do when your wife gets sulky and refuses to talk to you?"

"Why, I begin to praise Mrs. All-good, across the street, or some other woman I know she detests."

"And that brings her, eh?"

"Yes, it brings her and sometimes everything throwable that happens to be in her reach too."—Salt Lake City Tribune.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures nor sensible of giving them to others.—Sir W. Temple.

Colored fire for tableaux at Sid Whaley's.

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT!

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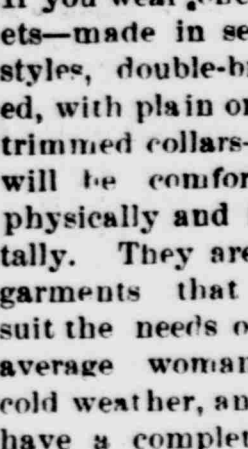
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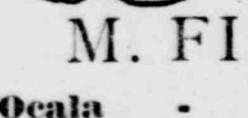
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